

Past Reflections

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Summary: Sarah after her high school graduation. (Contains violence.)

Past Reflections

The party was over. The cleanup crew had come and gone. No one was left. The gymnasium seemed so
>empty...save for one lost, lonely soul. A girl of average height, with long brown hair, slowly
threaded her way across the room, past the locker room doors, past the basketball hoop, coming

>finally to a stop before the bleachers. There she stood for a very long time, just staring
into space. It was obvious that she wasn't seeing the room she was in, with faded, chipping
>paint, cracked ceiling, and rough, stained wooden floor.
>The girl was dressed simply, wearing only a pale pink dress and matching shoes. The dress had
no ornamentation; it needed none. Her beauty was all that was required to accessorize her outfit.

>Full, pale lips, a rosy complexion, and warm, chocolate eyes...

>Eyes that leaked tears of pain, tears of humiliation, down onto the front of her dress. She bowed
her head, closed her eyes, and let herself feel every laugh, every snide comment, every little

>snigger aimed at her back. She remembered well how much she had been tormented these last few
years. She had never really fit in, never really belonged to any one 'group.' And now she
>didn't care anymore. She had given up on the one thing that sustained her through all of the
tortuous years of high school - hope. Hope that once it was all over, all done with...That once

>she had that diploma in her hand, it wouldn't matter any more... All that hope was gone.

>Her eyes closed once more, and her head drooped down onto her chest. She could see it vividly
in her mind. The entire scene playing

over and over again... The principal about to hand her the
>ticket to freedom...One of her many bullies reaching up to take it
from her... Her own hand
stopping in midair, as she was unable to
believe that still - *still* - they would not let her
>be. Continuous torture...neverending shame...
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>BANG!

>In one second...it was over. She stood, victorious and triumphant at
last. *She* had won. *She*
had the last laugh. *She* had the
final say...

>
And in a rush, the girl standing in the gym came back to
herself. She opened her eyes, and looked

>around. It was still empty, still devoid of all life. Drawing a deep
breath, she walked away,
toward the twin doors, with the blinking
EXIT light flashing over them.

>
As she placed her hands on the bar, Sarah Williams turned back
for one more look at the scene of

>the crime. She allowed herself to smirk. Fools. As much as they
tried, no one had been able to
connect her to the tragedy that
occurred here two months ago. No one knew that *she* had the last

>laugh...

>The smirk broke into a full smile, as she recalled the looks on her
tormentor's faces, just
before the bomb went off underneath them.

> <p><p>

End
file.